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THE TALE OF ALLAN LORBURNE, MARINER.

I stood upon my shallop's prow, and saw
A wild sea sweep a wilder isle, where dwelt
Men gentle as the ocean when the moon
Moves in her summer mist. Beside the rock,
Oft moist with bitter sea-spray, close they build
Their sheals with layers of azure stones and moss:
The shatter'd ribs of some storm stranded bark
Form pan and rafter; o'er the whole they cast
A coat of odorous heath, pluck'd while the bee
Sucks the sweet blossom, and his song is heard
Through all the lonesome isle. A simple race—
They plough not, neither do they reap, nor shear
The fair fleece of the flock, but venturous seek,
With boat and fish net, and the three-prong'd spear,
Their sustenance from the rough unstable flood.

THREE brethren—a mariner, a soldier, and a husbandman, sons of Adam Lorburne, were met together on their paternal heath after many years' silence and separation. They parted, stripplings, in quest of their good or their evil fortune; and they met, men stricken in years, with infirm frames and sobered fancies. The house which had sheltered their name for many generations had no fair nor attractive exterior, nor did romantic beauty of situation compensate for the sordid looks of this humble abode. It was a shepherd's house, but on a wild hill top, with a roof of heather, a ceiling of turf, and a floor of clay. An acre or two of corn and garden ground, redeemed after a long and hard contest from the brown and sterile moor, surrounded the house. Nor plough, nor scythe, nor spade, except for the cultivation of that little patch, had ever approached their dwelling; and the heath-cock, the curlew, the hooded crow, and the hawk, were their mutual and nearest neighbours. They lived by their flocks alone, and by the produce of their numerous hives of bees, which collected from an immense extent of moorland an annual supply of that delicious dew—the sweetest of all gathered sweets—heather-honey.

The three brethren met—it matters not for the interest of this narrative how—and they found, on approaching their native place, that it wore the same fixed and unchanged look with which their boyish remembrances invested it. The rocks, the hills, the streams, and the glens, are things not liable to change; and the curlew and the plover announced their visit with a cry which seemed the same that hailed them on their native hill some thirty years before. But the welcome and joyous bark of the sheep-dog was changed into the snappish and churlish opposition of two moorland curs, who refused to acknowledge the pastoral names of Tweed or Yarrow, and who, planting themselves in the path, seemed willing to dispute the passage to the house. The pleased and motherly smile too with which their return from the stormy hill was formerly welcomed, was exchanged for the eager and startled gaze of two faded maidens, who, with hands held over their eyes, to aid the sharp examination with which dwellers in a lonesome place regard the approach of strangers, stood ready to shut the door should the objects of their scrutiny have a suspicious look.

Before the door stood a long bench of stone, where on the summer Sunday

mornings their father usually sat, with his children gathered around him, to expound the Scripture and read them lessons from devotional books. The eldest brother advanced, and said to his eldest sister, "Who sits, I pray thee, on that bench now, to read the Gospel and hail the return of his children?" He paused and stept aside, covering his face with his hands; while the younger brother came forward, and said,—"Why wear ye that snood of black silk in your hair? and wherefore do ye sigh while we question ye about him who sat on that old seat of stone?" And the second brother, who had been a soldier from his youth, and endured many hardships, and braved many perils in breach and battle, threw himself across the bench of stone, and said, "Alas! alas! he who loved his sons and his daughters, and guided their youthful footsteps, will never sit on that ancient seat more." And tears came into his eyes, and he looked along the way which winded down the hill side to the parish burial-ground.

The two maiden sisters looked wistfully upon them—but foreign climates, the vicissitudes of fortune, and the hand of time, had so changed their looks, that they knew not their brethren. Now there lay beneath that bench of stone, nestled warm on a fur of soft hay and long wool, an old sheepdog—toothless, and nearly footless, gray and almost bald with age,—which was but a whelp of a half-year old at their departure. While those words passed, he uttered something between a cry of pleasure and pain; and coming slowly out from his resting place, looked wistfully on the faces of the strangers; he smelt them, and considered them a while, and waved his tail swifter and swifter, and then, setting up a long and melancholy howl, endeavoured to leap upon the knees of the elder brother, who had seated himself on the bench. "Ah, Yarrow, my lad," said his old master, "I have heard the cry of a man smitten in a sea fight, the weeping of a woman over her love, and the wailing of an orphan babe—but I never heard a cry so mournful and pathetic as thine;" and he caught up his old companion and caressed him. "You are my brother—my elder brother!" said the youngest of his sisters, throwing her arms around his neck. "And we also are your brothers," said the other two,—"come from a far land to witness the desolation of our father's house." There was silence for a small space—then there was weeping and embracing, and interchange of loving looks and kindly hands. Few words passed till they all entered the house, and, seating themselves, learned what had become of their father and their mother—gone to the kirkyard in the fulness of years. And they were refreshed with food, and had change of apparel given unto them.

"Now kilt your kirtle, Rebecca," said the elder sister, "and run over the moor, and tell James Macgee and his wife, and his daughter, that our three brethren are returned. Tell Edom Macgowan also, that the sons of his ancient friend have been spared to his prayers, and wish to see him in their father's house. And tell Barbara Baillie," she added in a whisper not meant to be audible, "that her old lover is come back from the wars, straight and hale, and weel-looking, with a tassel of gold upon his left shoulder—unharmed by sword or bayonet, save a touch of a bullet on his left cheek—and I think," said she, stealing a look at her brother while she spoke, "he looks all the more manly for it. And now," she added, "run, Iss, and forget not as ye come through the village, that we entertain three beloved brethren, and that something delicate and nice will be wanted to improve our rude moorland cheer." And the younger sister hastened away with a light foot and a lighter heart, and the elder busied herself in comforting and conversing with her brothers. "I have sailed to many a far land," said the elder brother, "and when my industry made me rich, the wind and the whirlwind, the quicksand and the sunken rock, made me poor; I had ships and bold seamen—some have sunk, some have perished,

and some have come to port: but I am here myself, my sister, with gold, and with a warm heart which is better than gold, and the afternoon of our life will be calm and pleasant." "And I," said the second brother, "have fought with sword and with gun against the enemies of my country in many a strange land. In battle and in camp have I ever thought of my native home—when I saw a brown hill I thought on Cosancon—when I saw a fair promontory I thought on Caetlaverock—and when I saw a little cottage in a wild place I thought on my father and my sisters; and now am I returned, not undistinguished, to spend my days in peace, and make the hearth-fire of our old house shine to the roof-tree in the winter evenings." "And here am I, thy younger brother," said the third; "not tales of perils by land or sea have I to tell, but the humble and curious adventures of one who sought to find out the superstitions, beliefs, and ways and manners of man, and who returns to his native hill with an affectionate heart also, and some of the precious things of this life which gladden and comfort man." "And I receive you, my brethren," answered the elder sister, "with a heart which absence has not rendered cold:—I also have my tale to tell; the history of your father's house is not uninstructive. Dissensions among our rulers, and civil wars, have turned Scotland into a fighting field since your departure;—and even down that green brae-side, where the brackens grow so long, have I seen the war horses spurred to battle and their riders bathed in gore. Famine too followed the steps of war, and a pest came among us, and many died—the flocks perished on the hill, the lover on his way to his bride, and the mother even as she gave suck to her fatherless child. Much, my brethren, have I to tell you—you will find the summer day too short for the story of our joys and our sorrows."

It was a pleasant thing, and also a sad, to look on those reliques of their early friendship, summoned to welcome the return of the three brethren, and seated with them at the evening fire. Grey hairs and wrinkled cheeks were there—the mirth of youth and the gravity of years, and the mingled joy and sedateness of both. There was frequent interchange of looks and scrutiny of persons; brief histories were told of the fate of the old parochial acquaintances—tragical ends, and sudden deaths, and slow and lingering disorders, had made the churchyard the dwelling-place of many an early friend. "And now, Allan Lorburne," said an old friend of his father's, "listen to me—Thou art a mariner—a seafaring man—one of those who venture in ships and go down to see the wonders of the great deep. Many perils hast thou doubtless braved; for lee-shores and deep quicksands, sudden squalls and midnight tempests, the wind and the whirlwind, the thunder and the fire, work sore mischiefs among ships—those frail creations of man's wit and hand. Strong is the faith of him who trusts in the hollow wood and the hempen string when the fierce tempest comes on. Woe, and alas, I had once a son—an early son, who disobeyed his father and went to sea; and whenever the wind sang in our chimney-top I looked sad and my wife wept, and many a tear she shed, but we never heard more of our poor sea-boy. Tell me, therefore, some of your adventures on the waves, I pray you; and when you describe some wild and stormy region with a rough sea and a wild people, I shall think I hear the tongue of my own begotten son telling of the perils he had braved."

(To be continued.)

AMERICAN MANNERS.

Among the number of our dissatisfied countrymen who have sought that happiness in America which they imagined could not be found at home, is a Mr. Flint, who has further thought proper to give his ideas on his adopted country to the public. He evidently writes in a favourable and palliative manner, but with all his excuses he proves America to be, in

general, a spot where no one who has been accustomed to the refinement, the civilization, and morality of England could sit down contentedly. The following are extracts:—

"The election of a magistrate is an affair that usually occasions a considerable sensation in a little town. The most respectable citizens naturally support the candidate that has the real interest of society at heart; and the more licentious are as naturally averse to promote the man who, they believe, would punish themselves. It is, therefore, the relative numerical strength of the two parties that frequently determines the character of a town judge. It is understood that in new towns by the Ohio the unruly part most commonly prevail, and that as they advance in population and wealth, the more orderly people take the sway. A case has come under my notice, where the conduct of a squire was at variance with the practices of a large proportion of his constituents. He had resolved on exerting his power to suppress fighting, swearing, and breach of the Sabbath, and to exact the statutory penalties against the two last of these offences. On a Sabbath soon after his election, a man carrying a gun and a wild duck passed his door. He intimated his resolution of having the offender brought to justice; but the culprit gave him much abusive language, with profane swearing, and threatened to beat him for the interruption. The squire soon perceived that he was losing his popularity, and that his opposition to the will of the sovereign people was injuring his business, and for that reason resigned his commission. In cases where the squire is supposed to be remiss in the execution of his duty, the people sometimes interfere extrajudicially. At this place, a tailor's shop was lately broke into by night, and a quantity of goods carried away. On the following day, a stranger and the lost property were discovered in an empty house adjoining. He was instantly carried before one of our magistrates. On being interrogated, he confessed being found in the house, but denied having any concern with the booty. The squire dismissed him. But the young men of the town who had assembled to hear the examination, were too sensible of the strength of the presumptive circumstances of the case, and of the admitted act of housebreaking, in entering the uninhabited apartment, to allow him to escape with impunity. They caught him at the door, led him out behind the town, where they tied him to a tree, and put the cow hide into the hand of a furious young man, who happened to be half intoxicated. The whipping was performed with such vigour, that the blood sprung in every direction. A gentleman of Cincinnati told me that a few years ago the citizens of that place had found it expedient to punish in the most summary way; and that he had several times acted as presiding judge, in what was called a court of uncommon pleas. Whipping uniformly followed conviction. Cincinnati has now outgrown that stage of population that admits of this sort of jurisprudence, and is better regulated than certain large European cities."

"Every thing that an American does must be liberally paid for. This tends to render living dear, even where provisions are cheap."

"Lodged at a tavern about half way down the Long Reach. Two old women (sisters) were there, one was in quest of her husband, and the other of her daughter. The uncle is forty-five years of age, and the niece sixteen. Affinity and disparity of age united, have not been sufficient to prevent the elopement."

"Fights are characterized by the most savage ferocity. Gouging, or putting out the antagonist's eyes, by thrusting the thumbs into the sockets, is a part of the *modus operandi*. An extension of the optic nerve occasions great pain to the sufferer. Kicking and biting are also ordinary means used in combat; I have seen several fingers that had been deformed, also several noses and ears, which have been mutilated, by this canine mode of fighting."

"The European, on his first arrival in the United States, may perhaps expect to find sound republican principles and good morals, pervading nearly the whole population. He has probably heard that capital punishments are rare, and from that circumstance may infer that there are few crimes to punish. For some time this ideal character may be entertained. Newspapers will naturally be looked to, as the current records of delinquency; in these, multitudes of cases regarding the proceedings against criminals are entirely omitted. After some correspondence with the people, and after some observation of incidents, a sojourner from the old world will be apt to modify his original opinion

"The river Ohio is considered the greatest thoroughfare of banditti in the Union. Here the thief, in addition to the cause of his flight, has only to steal a skiff, and sail down the river in the night. Horse stealing is notorious in the western country, as are also escapes from prison. Jails are constructed of thin brick walls or of log, fit only to detain the prisoner while he is satisfied with the treatment he receives, or while he is not apprehensive of ultimate danger, Runaway apprentices, slaves, and wives, are frequently advertised. I have heard several tavern-keepers complain of young men going off without paying for their board. This is not to be wondered at, where so many are continually moving in this extensive country, without property, without acquaintances, without introductory letters, and without the necessity of supporting moral character.

"Swearing, as I have repeatedly mentioned, is a most lamentable vice. If I am not mistaken, I have already heard more of it in America, than twice the aggregate I ever heard during the whole of my former life.

"A high degree of nationality is frequently to be observed, and encomiums on American bravery and intelligence poured forth by men who are not remarkable for the latter quality, and who, by their ostentation raise a doubt as to their possessing the former. The conduct seems to be more disgusting to cultivated Americans, than to Europeans.

"Here are multitudes of persons who have no accurate notions of decorous behaviour. This, no doubt, may arise partly from their ideas of the equality of man, without making due allowances for morals, manners, intellect, and education. Accustomed to mix with a diversity of company at taverns, elections, and other places of public resort, they do not well brook to be excluded from private conversation. On such occasions they exclaim, '*This is a free country*,' or a '*land of liberty*,' adding a profane oath. They do not keep in view that one man has a natural right to hear, only what another is willing to tell him. Of late I have several times found, that when I had business to transact, a third party drew near to overhear it. Hired people, mixing with families and their visitors, have ample means of gaining a knowledge of other people's affairs. I shall relate a story which I have on good authority. A gentleman, in a State where slaves are kept, engaged some carpenters from a neighbouring free state to erect a barn. On the day of their first arrival they eat along with himself. On the second day the family took breakfast a little earlier than usual, and caused the table to be covered anew for the mechanics, previous to their coming in. They were so offended with this imaginary insult, that they went off without finishing their work. This little affair became so well known in the vicinity, that the gentleman could not procure other workmen for some time. This extension of liberty and equality is injurious, inasmuch as it prevents the virtuous part of society from separating from the vicious; and so far as it removes from the unprincipled and untutored part, the salutary incitement to rest character on good behaviour and intelligence, instead of citizenship, or an allusion to the *land of liberty*, or the favourite maxim that one man is as good as another."

ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

(From the Bibliothèque Universelle of 20th September.)

Since the unfortunate ascent in which three guides of Chamouny perished, on the 18th of August 1820, not far from the summit of Mont Blanc, being precipitated and buried in a cleft by an avalanche of snow, nobody had attempted this enterprise, which is as dangerous as it is useless, till a young Englishman (Mr. F. Clissold,) came from London to Chamouny with the firm resolution of attempting it. After having passed the first half of August at the foot of the formidable mountain, in expectation of favourable weather, he executed the ascent at length on the 19th of August, with a success, and above all a quickness, of which none of the nine preceding ascents afford an example. He has given some particulars of his expedition in a letter to his Banker, who has had the politeness to communicate it to us:—

"*Chamouny, August* 27, 1824.

"Sir,—You have probably heard of the success of my ascent of Mont Blanc, of which I will communicate to you some particulars. I left Chamouny, where I remained ten days in expectation of settled weather, on Sunday the 18th, at half-past ten p.m. with six chosen guides, one of whom was provided with a lantern. We ascended, as is usually done, by the mountain called De la Côte, and attained the summit of it at half past three in the morning. After a short halt, we entered at four o'clock on the Glacier; and having crossed it without accident, reached, at half-past seven, the rocks called the *Grands Mulets*, where preceding travellers have generally made arrangements for passing the night. My plan was different: I desired to reach the summit the same day, and to return there during the night, in order to see the day-break on the following morning. We therefore continued our march, the most difficult part of which was in the neighbourhood of these same rocks, which we had to climb obliquely up a very steep slope of ice, inclined about 45 degrees, in which we were obliged to cut with a hatchet a number of steps, the missing of one of which would have been certain death, for this slope terminates at an enormous cleft: this passage was still worse when we came down again. We quitted the *Grands Mulets* at nine o'clock, and reached at two the *Grand Plateau* near the *Dome du Goûté*. We were in the region of those masses of snow, which are formed into enormous parallelopipedons, called *seracs*. Thence ascending to the left, we from time to time proceeded along the edge of the clefts, one of which was perhaps the grave of the victims of 1820. All the company except one of the guides, P. M. Laverat, and myself, were more or less incommoded by the rarefaction of the air; three of them in particular, who ascended Mont Blanc for the first time, lost their strength to such a degree that they considerably delayed our progress. If it had not been impudent to separate, I should certainly have attained the summit before night. We arrived about seven in the evening at the *Petit Mulet* a rock situated beyond the *Rocher Rouge*, the nearest to the top of all those that are seen from Chamouny. We had reached it at half past six; the *Petit Mulet* being higher, and to the left is not visible from below. As we had not time to reach the summit before night, we descended again to the Rocher Rouge, near which we made a pit in the snow, four feet deep, five broad, and six long. We placed at the bottom some pieces of wood, on which we all seven lay down, covered with a light sheet, which was by no means sufficiently large for the purpose. Some puffs of wind, which now and then blew into our faces some of the light snow drifted from the surface, might have been a bad omen of the fate that awaited us if the wind had risen. We slept, however, about four hours. We could not observe the thermometer for want of light; but the night was cold enough to produce icicles in a bottle of Hermitage wine, and thoroughly to freeze

some lemons among our provisions. The right foot of one of my guides (David Coutet) was frozen, as were the extremities of my own fingers and toes. But this had no bad consequences, as the usual remedy (rubbing them with snow) was at hand. We left our cold couch at four o'clock in the morning; the day was beginning to break, and the first rays of dawn gave a silver tinge to the summit, from which we were not far distant. In proportion as the sun approached the horizon, the tint changed, and became entirely golden when he rose. It made the most striking contrast with the nearly black return of the sky, which served as a background. All the difficulties were now surmounted: we sunk but little in the snow, and now and then halted for a short time to take breath: we soon came to the *Petit Mulet*, which we had visited the day before, and at half past five we were on the summit. We began by making the signals agreed on with our friends in the Plain, who easily distinguished them.

"This summit is not so confined as it seems to be at a distance. It forms a small plain, nearly horizontal, which is in the shape of a triangle, the base of which is towards Chamouny; one side of it towards the *Ulle Blanche*, and the other the passage of *Bonhomme*. It took me four minutes to walk from the apex of the triangle, in the perpendicular drawn, to the base.

"The sky was without cloud; the sun, which had risen below our horizon, deluged with light the region from which it seemed to rise, and in the direction of which we could distinguish nothing; every where else we perceived a vast number of summits, some covered with shining ice, others more or less rent and threatening; others again of roundish forms, and covered with pasture. Jura bounded the horizon in the NW.; more to the North we saw the lake, but not Geneva. To the SE. the eye penetrated beyond the plains of Lombardy, as far as the Appennines, which bounded the horizon in the form of a blue line, out of the dense fog of a winter's morning; the sun, both at setting the preceding evening and at rising in the morning, seemed more or less enveloped in this vapour. I had brought no instrument with me but a thermometer. At sun-set the day before, near the *Rocher Rouge*, it was at 20° Fahrenheit. We forgot to observe it when we set out in the morning; but Coutet, who is used to make observations at great heights, thinks that the cold, even in windy weather, seldom exceeds 18° F. (64 R. below Zero.* But on the summit at eight o'clock, at the Grands Mulets the day before at nine; and the *Grand Plateau* the same day at three; lastly, at the *Grands Mulets* the next day (Tuesday, about three in the afternoon, at all those stations the thermometer, observed by Coutet, and one at four or five feet from the ground, was at 70° (16⅔ R.)

"Some of the guides picked up specimens of the highest rocks near the summit, which I bring back with me. After stopping three hours on the summit, where I felt myself very well, except that I had lost my appetite since leaving the *Grands Mulets*, though the guides had preserved theirs, we set out to descend: it was half past eight o'clock. At eleven we came to the Grand Plateau, and at half past one to the Grands Mulets. When we arrived there, we heard something like the rolling of thunder, which was nothing but the noise of an enormous avalanche, which was seen from below, and even from the Col de Rolma, to cover a part of the space which we had crossed in our descent; a few hours sooner, and we should have all been enveloped and destroyed.

"We quitted the Grands Mulets at three o'clock, and at half past three were beyond the region of the ice. We got to the Priory of Chamouny at half past seven, after forty-five hours absence.

* "This is probably a mistake, because even on St. Bernard, the thermometer in winter often falls to 15° or 16° below Zero. But perhaps he meant this temperature of 6½ below Zero, as the lowest in summer in those elevated regions."

Edinburgh Review.

"We there heard that two English ladies (Mrs. and Miss Campbell) had passed Col du Geant two or three hours before we reached the Petit Mulet, and that while we were near that rock they were descending at Cormayeur. They had left Chamouny on Sunday, and passed the night at the foot of the rocks of Tacul. In consequence of the ignorance of their guides, they met with more difficulties than I did. They are resolved to attempt, next year or the year following, the ascent of Mont Blanc."

AN ALLEGORY.

Pleasure was the daughter of Virtue and Happiness, and the sister of Innocence and Modesty; these three lovely sisters, like the Graces, were seldom asunder, and their parents were delighted with their union and harmony; but, alas! on a luckless day, while roaming o'er a verdant mead, Pleasure, tired with plucking every flowret that pleased her, was attracted by the brilliant hues of a beautiful butterfly that floated in air like a winged flower, and proposed to her sisters to chace it. Innocence was occupied in admiring the effect of the dew-drops, which, glittering beneath the beams of the rising sun, shone like orient gems on the tender petals of the flowers, and Modesty was contemplating her own sweet emblem, the snowy lily of the valley, whose spotless purity vied with the veil that shaded her lovely bosom. They advised Pleasure to pause and enjoy the smiling scene around her, and not to abandon it for a pursuit that might end in disappointment, and incur the anger of their parents. Pleasure, heedless and self willed, regarded not the advice, but sprung forward in the pursuit, and was soon out of sight. With eager eyes, out stretched arms, and rapid steps, she chased the gaudy insect from blossom to blossom, until it lighted, nearly exhausted, on a passion flower; when Pleasure, springing forward to seize it, crushed both the insect and flower in her ruthless grasp. Disappointed of the anticipated gratification, she flung the mutilated fragments from her hand, and her beautiful countenance was for a moment clouded by anger; but another gaudy butterfly hovering near, attracted her attention, and she was about to renew the chace, when Virtue appeared before her, with a severity of aspect that she had never before seen him wear. Awed by his grave looks, Pleasure at first hung her head, and then assuming one of her most winning smiles, she attempted to approach him; but Virtue retreating from her touch, thus addressed her:—"While pursuing your own amusement, I forbade you giving pain to any thing that had life, or destroying the bounteous gifts of nature, scattered to adorn the paths of duty. You have deprived an insect of existence, at the moment that, after a life of usefulness, it was enjoying the fruits of past industry, by basking in the rays of the sun, and inhaling the fragrance of each tempting bud; and the flowers that have been crushed beneath your heedless feet, and scattered by your lavish hands, might still have retained their beauty and perfume to gratify others. When Pleasure ceases to respect the commands of Virtue, she is no longer worthy to be considered the offspring of Happiness, or the companion of Innocence and Modesty. Henceforth you are banished from our presence, and condemned to wander through the mazes of error, and you will be valued only by the least estimable of mankind. The haunts of Dissipation, Idleness, and Folly, are the temples in which you will be worshipped; and your votaries, in pursuing you, will cease to regard the approval of Virtue, the rewards of Happiness, and the smiles of Innocence and Modesty.

Having thus said, Pleasure was instantly transported far from the presence of her parents and sisters, and found herself irresistibly impelled forward, without the power of suspending her course for more than a few minutes. She first paused in a splendid saloon, brilliantly illuminated, and

decorated in a style of great magnificence. It was crowded with gay visitors, who seemed intent only on receiving Pleasure, who felt flattered by their homage, and was approaching to reward them with her sweetest smiles, when she was impelled from them, and found herself hurried away. She turned to regard their movements, and found that Disappointment, Envy, and Detraction, now occupied her place, and attracted all their attention. Disgusted with their conduct, and mortified by their fickleness, Pleasure vowed never more to attend a route, the dullest of all amusements, and flew off to a ball, where Youth and Beauty hailed her presence with sparkling eyes and sweetest smiles. "Here," exclaimed Pleasure, "I hope I may remain and enjoy myself; but even should I be compelled to fly from this scene of gaiety, I shall not have the mortification of having my place occupied by unworthy successors, for those amiable mortals seem too much devoted to me not to retain a lively remembrance of me, though deprived of my presence." But, alas! while making this reflection, she was again hurried away, and saw with regret that Ennui was struggling with Vanity, which should usurp the place of Pleasure. She hurried from opera to concert, and from theatre to masquerade; but after showing herself for a few minutes, found herself banished from each, for her empire was attacked by all the evil passions, headed by Ennui, leagued against her; and her votaries, though professing to worship her alone, had too long submitted to the control of the Passions, to resist their baleful influence, even to enjoy the smiles of the goddess of their idolatry. It was now, for the first time, that Pleasure became sensible of the miserable change in her destiny; and regretted with fond, but bitter remembrance, her separation from Virtue, Happiness, Innocence, and Modesty. Filled with contrition, she implored the forgiveness of her offended parents, and begged to be once more restored to their presence. Innocence and Modesty pleaded for her, and Virtue, won by their entreaties, consented to remove her from earth, where she no more appears; but, linked between her sisters, and attending to the dictates of Virtue, she is again united to Happiness, from whose presence she never wanders.

Her place on earth is supplied by a nymph who assumes her name and attributes, but who is of earthly birth, being the offspring of Extravagance and Idleness, and who leads her votaries from folly to ruin

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TAME RATTLE-SNAKES.

A LATE New York Paper has the following article :—

"Mr. Nalos, a Frenchman, while in North Carolina, attempted to procure some rattle-snakes, for the purpose of making out a collection. But some of the observations and experiments he made, induced him to believe the possibility of taming this poisonous reptile; he finally made his trial, and has succeeded in a manner which is calculated to astonish every beholder. What is the process he employed, is unknown to us—he probably availed himself of the power, which a control over the appetite of the animal gives him—he dwells very much on the charms of music: while inflamed by hunger, and irritated by the application of hot iron, the creature is soothed and softened by a slow and plaintive strain.

"Mr. N. has two rattle snakes—the male, which is four feet three inches long, has eight rattles to his tail, thus proving him to be nine years old—he has had this snake four years. The female is much smaller, and has five rattles—she has been with him thirty-three months. So great is their docility, that he will take them up, after speaking a sort of jargon to them, and stroking down their backs, as if they were so many strings—he will make them crawl up his breast and face, caress and kiss him, coil round his

neck, and while one of them is thus hanging around him, he will take up and exhibit the other. The perfect harmlessness of the reptile, and even attachment to his keeper, is astonishing. Meanwhile Mr. N. is himself thoroughly at his ease—completely self-possessed, diverting the spectator with the exhibition of his snakes, or instructing them by his explanations. He says, he has no fears himself; for, independently of his command over them, he is satisfied he can cure the bite of it—of the remedy he makes no secret. Wash your mouth first with warm sweet oil, and then suck the wound—next, drink most copiously of the decoction of the snake root, until it operates as a strong emetic.—This is the regimen he recommends, and which he believes to be infallible.

"There is no deception practised upon you. He opens the mouth of the snake, and shows you his fangs. They are in the upper jaw alone—two on each side, and have the faculty of renewing themselves, in case they are drawn out by a violent blow—the fang is within the mouth, bent, sharpened, and sheathed like the claw of a cat, and turned towards the throat—the orifice through which the poison is ejected is a small groove on the upper side of the fang, between its point and the upper curve—the poison bags lie at the roots of the fangs. But to remove all doubts of the poisonous qualities of these snakes being misjudged, Mr N. proposes to have a public exhibition, when the snake will kill a young dog by a slight stroke, and their immediately devour him.

"Perhaps no man has had so good an opportunity of studying the habits of the animal. His remarks will, of course, form a valuable addition to natural history. He is an intelligent man, and a memoir may be expected from him when he arrives in Europe. The male snake has just cast his skin, and the new one is most beautiful. The tail has a fine glossy black. He says, they renew their skins every two months; three times in the year, perhaps from October to April, they remain torpid, and this function is suspended. Most probably, it varies in different snakes with the quantities of food they can obtain. Mr. N. generally feeds his once a week.

"They have also a rattle every year after the first. They scarcely ever shake it but when they are strongly excited, or to strike the attention of their prey. He contends that the use of their rattle is to draw upon themselves the eyes of their victim, which generally consists of the fleetest animals, as birds, squirrels, &c. As soon as the eyes meet, he says the process of charming commences. He believes in this faculty, for he has seen it exemplified in a garden by his own snakes; the victim will hop from bough to bough, and from rock to rock, overcome with apprehension, until approaching each other, the snake seizes him. He denies altogether what some naturalists assert, the deleterious qualities of their breath—for he has often kissed them, and in blowing their breath upon him, he has found it uncommonly sweet.

"Mr. N. has other snakes in his collection—as a wampum snake, beautifully streaked, and so called after the Indian ornament; it is a small species of the Boa Constrictor, which winds itself round its prey, and kills not by poison but by structure—it even squeezes the rattle-snake to death. He has also the common black snake, and the feed coloured American adder, of the description of the flat heads. He has all these under the same command, exhibiting almost the same dexterity as the rattle-snakes. The spectacle is not dangerous, nor even disgusting, and is well worthy the attention of the curious.

WHAT SHALL I DO?

"WHAT shall I do?" exclaimed Lady Emily to me the other day, as I entered her apartment, and found her reclining negligently on the ottoman, with a most languishing air; "What shall I do, Charles," she exclaimed, laying a strong emphasis on the *shall*, "to expel ennui, and re-

over my lost spirits? All the world seems to have deserted Town, and left me to enjoy my own company; positively, Charles, you are the only rational being my eyes have had the pleasure of seeing this month; and now do be a good creature, and get me from the Circulating Library Scott's last Novel; it is scarcely two, and old Lady Jervis's card says seven for dinner this evening, where I believe you are going.' She accompanied this request with such a bewitching smile as would have melted a much harder heart than Charles Bellamy's. I readily promised, and we soon after parted; Lady Emily to her toilet, and I to execute my commission. But by some fancy impulse or other, Emily Emsly's "What shall I do?" had taken entire possession of my thoughts, and it to the detriment of Scott's last Novel. "Such a lovely creature as this!" said I wardly, formed to be the ornament of society, forced to shun ex. Something but," continued I, in the same tone of consideration, "by whom are they not uttered? In every nation these few words will be heard with more or less meaning. The wealthy heir, revelling in all the pleasures and delights of luxury, and snatching with lusty hand every sweet the gods allow, like the bee, culling honey from every flower, in the midst of all his joys and festivity, will cast his weary listless limbs on the nearest couch, with the exclamation of 'What shall I do?' The miserable offspring of poverty, dragging on his existence through hardships and difficulties, utters the same exclamation from his straw pallet: the shuddering victim of sorrow, while the unconscious tear trickles down his care-worn cheeks, will clasp his hands in agony, and sigh forth the scarcely-articulate sounds from his agitated and bursting bosom. It is alike connected with the soft melting accents of pity, and the impatient fury of anger; it is often to be found in the last desperate address of the discarded lover, and the broken ejaculations of my old Grandfather during a twinge of the gout. It was the *Quid facram* of the Romans; and in some not the least admired effusions of our own divinest Spakspeare holds a conspicuous place. The Philosopher has often broken out into a similar expression while demonstrating some hidden problem, or unravelling the secrets of nature; and as often has it came to the aid of the dismayed countryman, as, with one hand employed in scratching his head, and the other in collecting the fragments of the broken milk-jug, he planned the best mode of avoiding the anger and broom-stick of Betty the housemaid. As my thoughts were hurrying thus rapidly on, my feet were not slow in accompanying them, and I had made some progress in the Park, when, to my amazement, I heard the identical subject of my meditations uttered in the deepest tones of distress; I mechanically turned to the sound, and beheld a tattered aged figure, in the habiliments of a soldier, hanging in silent agony over a poor dog, which, after having apparently been the faithful companion of his wanderings, now lay dead at his feet; his long grey locks fluttered in the cold wind, as he dropped the tear of affection over his lost favourite, the old man's countenance, expressive of despair, and at the same time attempted resignation, touched me as feelingly as Lady Emily's smile. I slid gently up to the aged veteran, and slipped some money into his hand; he at first stared at me and my offering with a senseless gaze, like a person just recovering from the effects of some horrible dream! his eye then glanced upon his poor dog, and, as he recalled his scattered thoughts, the hectic of a moment passed over his furrowed cheeks, and a tear stood trembling in his eye; he indignantly brushed it off, and, looking steadfastly at me, attempted to speak, but it was in vain; the words died away in his throat, and he covered his face with his hand. There was no need of thanks, no need of words; that single look was sufficient; it was as precious to me as the sweetest smile that ever played over the cheek of beauty. Oh! ye

thoughtless sons of luxury, ye would give the choicest pleasures of art to be able to enjoy the thrill of delight that single silent look bore with it to my soul: it spoke volumes; and, in my idea, said as feelingly as the old man could have ever wished, "What shall I do to requite you?" I turned away from the affecting scene, and hurrying rapidly on, endeavoured, by the swiftness of my motions, to avoid too open a display of the indescribable feelings that succeeded one another in the mastery of my whole bosom; but in my haste, stumbled over something in the road, and, on casting my eyes downwards, finding them to be a little boy's plaything, I set about repairing my error; and, upon looking out for the little fellow, found him by my side, standing in a most ludicrous attitude of rage, and the look which he directed at the dispersed objects of his amusement was amply expressive of "What shall I do to revenge myself?" The contrast between this and my former adventure was too striking to be unobserved. "Here are two circumstances immediately to corroborate my observations," was my remark, as I walked more slowly onwards, "and a hundred more would perhaps occur in the space of an hour; these go well to prove how often those four expressive monosyllables are everywhere uttered," continued I, resuming the broken thread of my observations. "Sir Felix Patient, while yielding to the overwhelming torrent of her Ladyship's tongue, stretches out his legs, good easy man, before the parlour fire, and, as his dirty shoes afford new subjects for his cara sposa's eloquence, solaces himself with the conciliating "Lord, Lord! my dear, what shall I do to please you?" The County Member, while lowering his purse-proud haughtiness to the apron of some greasy rogue, often owes his vote to the overpowering "What shall I do for your son Samuel, or that little chubby faced darling, Sally?" Amidst, too, the transactions of our own immature world, to enumerate the various repetitions of these four words would bid defiance to the calculating powers of a Burton. How often has some unhappy youngster, running in breathless, and finding himself too late for school, deliberated at the door, whether he should trust his fate to the Master's clemency, or return, with a sick headache, to his Dame's; how often has he then appealed, with tears in his eyes, to some companion, in the emphatical, impressive, much-meaning "What shall I do?" Thou thyself, Charles, hast often been inclined to try the force of these monosyllables amid the various jeopardies in which you have been involved, by love, or a romantic disposition. Little did I at this moment suspect that the Fates were preparing a new jeopardy for me; but unfortunately the hour had already arrived which attracts all the butterflies of fashion into the Park, and in the midst of my cogitations I found myself crossing the ride, and there appeared, within a few yards of me, a horseman advancing at a most tremendous rate, and to all appearance one of those hair-brained gentlemen that pay very little regard to humble foot-passengers, though even of the Honourable Charles Bellamy's rank: as I wheeled round on my retreat, to my utter dismay, a moving phalanx of carriages appeared in the rear, blocking up my escape. My only outlet lay through a part of the road, from which, as I perceived the mud with which it was environed, I turned with horror; but what was to be done? carriages approaching one way,—my friend on his bit of blood splashing and dashing at a devil of a rate on the other, like Obadiah on his coach-horse; I was in almost as bad a predicament as Dr. Slop:—"Heavenly Trivia!" I exclaimed, "What shall I do?" and I was on the point of forcing a passage through the aforesaid palisade of mud which had been scraped up with the most officious industry, when a well-known voice arrested my progress with "Well, Charles, have you been looking for the *Abbott* in the Park?" I loooked up; it was my Lady Emily's carriage that had been my opponent that way, and she was negligently leaning with

her well-turned arm over the door. For the first time I recollected my promise, and the Novel, and immediately began stammering out a list of excuses, but I was evidently at a loss; I felt myself quite entitled to say, "What shall I do?"—"Any thing but stand staring there, with such a beautiful creature before you," replied Youth and Love. I thought the reproof just; fortunately her old uncle, the companion of her ride, had just been summoned away; in a moment the door was opened, and I offered my lovely cousin the services of a penitent willing to atone in every way for his forgetfulness. It was accepted; and, pardon me, gentle reader, if, while she pronounced my forgiveness, another of Lady Emily's bewitching smiles totally banished from my thoughts the recollection of "What shall I do?"

THE ROYAL LIBRARY; OR, BIBLIOTHEQUE DU ROI, PARIS.

This Institution is in the Rue de Richelieu. Strangers are naturally well pleased to observe the apparent facility of access to all the public institutions at Paris, and Englishmen are very apt to make comparisons between this Library and the British Museum extremely unfavourable to the latter. It is true, at Paris, an immense number of people may be seen seated at long tables reading with great apparent diligence, and it is only necessary to ask for a book to be accommodated;—but the moment that demand is made, you are placed under the watchful eye of the police, and literary centinels are placed in various parts of the room, whose orders are to examine with the greatest attention all those to whom books, &c. are delivered, so that the reader, if he is a timid man, or if his feelings are very delicate, knowing that he is an object of suspicion, and that he is looked upon as something very nearly approaching to an incipient thief, feels the misery of his position so forcibly, that rather than submit to this dreadful state of surveillance, he foregoes every advantage that he might obtain from the liberality of the institution. But this is not all; he is reminded, by another rule, that the porters at the gate watch with the greatest attention all those who either go in or come out. There is something in the spirit and execution of these rules so degrading to the finer feelings of a man of letters, and particularly to an Englishman, that although he feels perfectly satisfied that his motives are pure, yet he cannot subject himself to this humiliating state of watchful suspicion. The consequence is, that very few strangers are seen at the library, and the boasted freedom of admission is limited to those whose sympathies have been accustomed to the tender anxieties of a French police.

At the British Museum the facility of admission is somewhat more restricted. It is, however, only necessary to be acquainted with one of the officers, or to make an application to the trustees. The student is then admitted, as men of literary pursuits ought to be, and is not exposed to this fretful system of watching and restraint.

The catalogues at Paris and London bear no comparison. At the British Museum a book is described in every possible form, as to its contents, the name of the author, the name of the subject on which he treats, &c. Not so at Paris. One manuscript catalogue is all the references to which you have access, and this is a matter of extreme difficulty, for if the assistants observe it in your hands, they generally take it from you, and ask what book you want: besides it is placed behind the seat of the Director, and is not to be obtained without deranging him. If you want a history of Lyons, for instance, and request one of the assistants to give you an ancient history of that city, he will ask you whose History of Lyons you want? to which you are not able immediately to reply; and the consequence is, that you get none at all; for either he is perfectly ignorant himself, or he is unwilling to assist you:

and without exception they are the rudest set of people in existence. The director Van Praet is an honourable exception; he is a gentleman and a man of literature; and an application to him is received with indulgence, and acknowledged with immediate attention. The rude and almost insolent conduct of the assistants detracts considerably from the advantages of this liberal institution; for, without a stranger knows precisely the name of the work, and can express it in tolerably good French, he will be very certain to meet with disappointment.

The English language must needs be unknown in this learned establishment, as the English books occupy strange places in the catalogue; they are frequently placed under the Christian instead of the surname of the author. The consequence is, that John, Thomas, and William, are authors of uncommon and voluminous celebrity. An Englishman must be acquainted with the Christian name of his author, if he hopes to meet with his work.

The following illustrations of this catalogue may serve as examples of their profound knowledge of the English language,—they are taken at random:—

An author appears here unknown in England, called *Herself*, under the letter H.; and this designates "The Memoirs of Letitia Pilkington, written by *herself*." Another book is titled as follows: "The following Dialogues are with the utmost esteem and gratitude," 1 vol. The title page has most probably been lost, and this appears to be a part of the dedication. But this extreme ignorance in a literary institution could not occur in England.

There are several English books of value in the Library, most of the ancient county histories, Dugdale's works, Stow's London, &c. &c. These are principally to be found under the letter N. But as there are no distinct catalogues, nor any classification of books written in foreign languages, the attempt to discover an English work is necessarily a task of toil and application.

Altogether, this establishment, with its boasted freedom of access, cannot be compared with the British Museum. At the former, every person who enters is looked upon with suspicion, he is treated with a tone of insolent rudeness, and he is watched by a separation of police officers with lynx-eyed sharpness, and when he departs he must be very careful that his pockets do not invite the scrutiny of the porter. All these ungentlemanly restraints on literary research necessarily drive away those whose feelings have any remains of sensibility. The class of students who are seated at long tables with a profusion of oblong spitting boxes, are not of the most inviting appearance, and a seat at their tables does not seem to be either inviting or desirable.

POETRY.

STANZAS.

I saw thee wedded—thou didst go
Within the sacred aisle,
Thy young cheek in a blushing glow,
Betwixt a tear and smile.
Thy heart was glad in maiden glee,
But he it lov'd so fervently
Was faithless all the while;
I hate him for the vow he spoke—
I hate him for the vow he broke.

I had the love that could not die,
Its doubts, and hopes and fears,
And buried all my misery
In secrecy and tears;
And days passed on, and thou didst prove
The pang of unrequited love,
E'en in thine early years;
And thou dost die, so fair and good
In silence and in solitude!

Whilst thou wert living I did hide
Affection's secret pains;
I'd not have shock'd thy modest pride
For all the world contains;
But thou hast perish'd, and the fire
That, often check'd, could ne'er expire,
Again unbidden reigns:
It is no crime to speak my vow,
For, ah! thou canst not hear it now.

Thou sleepest 'neath thy lowly stone,
That dark and dreamless sleep,
And he, thy lov'd and chosen one—
Why goes he not to weep?
He does not kneel where I have knelt,
He cannot feel what I have felt,
The anguish, still, and deep,
The painful thoughts of what has been,
The canker worm that is not seen.

But I—as o'er the dark blue wave
Unconsciously I ride,
My thoughts are hovering o'er thy grave,
My soul is by thy side.
There is one voice that wails thee yet,
One heart that cannot e'er forget
The visions that have died;
And aye thy form is buried there—
A doubt,—an anguish,—a despair!

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING A WATERING PLACE.

ADIEU, gay scenes; and oh! adieu
Cheeks brown and fair, eyes black and blue:
And take a parting sigh from me,
Harper, and flute and fiddlers three
To sweet sequestered shades I go,
But not on light fantastic toe;
With laden footsteps I shall seek
Lanes long and lonely—this day week!

Here all will then be fair and bright,
Beneath as soft as a moonlight;
And beaus and belles will dance about,
A few with grace,—a few without;
Here tutor'd feet will lightly skip,
And rose-buds lips weak tea will sip;
And fascinated eyes will seek
For pretty partners—this day week!

The kindling lamps will beam as soon,
The band will play as sweet a tune;
Delighted swains will rove about,
And lead delighted damsels out;
Beaus the fair hands of belles will touch,
And whisper nothings—meaning much;
And some in louder tone will speak,
I am strong—sometimes—this day week!

And say will one remember then,
A man—the most forlorn of men,
Who goes upon four wheels away,
Because he must not—dare not stay?
Will some fair nymph, with eager glance,
Search for his figure in the dance,
And then will sorrow shade her cheek,
When he is absent this day week?

No—not a belle who then glides in,
Will make a point of looking thin:—
No hollow eyes, of him bereft,
Will turn aside from right and left;
No wasted form will steps forget,
And feebly totter through pirouette;
Or for his sake, with changing cheek,
Go to the bottom—this day week!

No! not a charm will cease to be,
No ringlets will uncurl for me;
No form will shrivel for my sake,
No smile will fade, no heart will break:
Here all will then as lightly pass,
Though I shall be turn'd out to grass:
Oh! in the shades I'll die with pique
I'll blow my brains out—this day week!

My head a green grass turf shall own,
And at my quiet heels a stone;
For on your head no rose I'll view,
And at your heels no satin shoe;
Then I shall have no power to steal
A look at your divine profile;
I shall not scent your huile antique,
Nor tie your cloak on—this day week!

My feet I shall not then inclose
In dancing pumps or silken hose;
But muddy pathways I shall choose,
In most exceedingly thick shoes;
This waistcoat white as unsum'd snow,
Shall to my old portmanteau go:
Another waistcoat I'll bespeak,
I'll buy a *straight one*—this day week!

I rave, I rave,—just now I said
A green grass turf should grace my head;
And when my sleep in such a spot,
Waistcoats and coats become them not:
But if you should forget me here,
My pallid phantom shall appear;
While lights burn blue, my voice shall speak
And scare your senses—this day week!

Just as the steward has call'd a dance
My apparition shall advance;
While harmony pervades each fiddle,
My bones shall rattle down the middle;
I'll lead you out!—each step we take
The sea shall foam, the earth shall quake!
Tea-urns shall crack, and glasses leak
Continuing music—this day week!

CHARADES, &c.

CHARADES.

By J. Tucker, of Cornworthy.

"FILL up my first," the drunkard cries,
"O fill it to the brim."
Then drinks until he cannot rise,
And his red eyes grow dim.

Lo! neither king nor queen can stand
When my great last appears;
Nay, ten must yield at his command,
Although a knave he fears.

With these two parts my whole to frame
A single hint will do:
It was an ancient female's name,
If poets' tales are true.

By J. W. of Charmouth.

RECLUSE from all life's busy scenes,
In solitude and thought,
I've known some scarce out of their teens;
Like this my first was brought.

From stock and plant, my second sprout,
The Lexicon will bear you out:
Now if my whole you'll deign to name,
It helps support our mortal frame.

By Walter Buckham, of Ashburton.

SOON's my capacious first was form'd, I find,
'Twas to the wat'ry element consign'd;
And there my second beat for many days,
While they within gave their Creator praise.
The warbling birds in upper stories were,
And sweet in concert sung as in the air;
The beasts below did sweetly harmonize,
While she performed her voyage through the skies;
Beyond the highest mountain-tops she sail'd,
While o'er the globe the deluge still prevail'd.
All creatures died except what were within.
For they contaminated were with sin;
But soon's the elemental war did cease,
The dove convey'd the olive-branch of peace;
But th' tempest loving raven o'er earth strayed,
Till she was on Ararat's top convey'd,—
And there 'twas she her cargo disembark'd,
As in the Holy Scriptures I've remark'd.
A letter change, these parts aright transpose,
A bright consummate flower they will disclose.

ANSWERS.

By H. Swaffield, of Allington, near Bridport, to J. Tucker's Rebus, inserted August 19.

SILENUS, Sir, if I guess right,
Will your dark Rebus bring to light.

W. Forsey, of Allington, has answered this Rebus.

By J. W. of Charmouth, to O. P. Q's Enigma, inserted 30th September.

'Tis by your well writ lines I find
That HOPE supports the sinking mind.

By the same, to J. Tuff's, Enigma inserted 30th September.

IF BRIDPORT's the place of Amelia's abode,
No wonder so often you travel that road.

By W. Forsey, of Allington, to J. Tuff's Rebus inserted, August 19.

A CHARADE, friend Tuff, has oft puzzled my brain,
When I their meaning did wish to obtain
This Rebus has been answered by H. Swaffield, of Allington.

By the same, to J. Westcott's Rebus, inserted August 19.

YOUR parts join'd I find the name,
BURLINGTON of 'nigmatic fame.

This Rebus has been answered by H. Swaffield and W. Forsey, of Allington.

By the same, to J. Westcott's Anagram, inserted August 19.

GATH's GOLIATH was arm'd with a SPEAR,
Which no doubt will your answer declare.